

**EMERGING NATIONALISM
NEW NATIONS**

Volume 58

**ANNUAL PROCEEDINGS
Of The Middle States Council
For The Social Studies**

Mildred C. Stoler, Editor

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1961

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EDUCATION IN GHANA, WEST AFRICA

By Miss Catherine E. Crook, Principal

Kramer Junior High School, Washington, D. C.

My first view of Africa came when the Apapa on which I travelled from England to Ghana docked at Freetown. Luxuriantly green hills rose behind the city and as I looked down upon the harbor water, I saw the native boys in brilliant loin cloths paddling their tiny canoes and singing "Show Me the Way to Go Home." Beyond and all about them scudded native boats under their billowing sails.

Here it was that I was first assailed by that trinity of sense impressions which later I found to be omnipresent in Africa--color, sound and filth. In Freetown market strode a boy dressed in electric blue balancing on his head a huge basket of plantain. Set out for sale were wildly painted crocks, gleaming gale-na (used on the eyes of children), sulphur, vegetables, cassava, plantains, bananas, ground nuts and lettuce. Threading their way through crowds in which were many deformed by disease were many of the most beautiful women I have seen. It was a beauty of magnificent carriage, exquisite bone structure and subtle shadings in skin tones. The one hotel was decayed and dirty. Noise penetrated everywhere: squawking, chattering, shouting. Always evident were glorious colors in clothing, umbrellas and flowers.

As we started around the great, bulging curve of Africa, the weather became hotter and more humid. Dressing in our cabins was a sticky chore. The last nights on board showed me a clear and tropical sky, the brilliant moon shining on smooth waters, making them gleam and tiny ripples glisten. Excitedly I located the Southern Cross for the first time.

The last morning on board, I struggled into my cotton dress and feeling that I must wear stockings to meet my new employer, I perspired into them.

Then, I stood on deck watching the throngs of Africans unloading, accomplished with much running and shouting. There were native police on the dock, and I stared unbelieving, for their legs were wrapped in strips of wool, and they were encased in heavy navy blue woolen sweaters with a splash of color in their scarlet fezzes and sashes.

When we were allowed to leave the ship, I disembarked and searched out my luggage in the customs shed. It was even more steaming inside than out. The noise, heat and crowded spaces filled me with some apprehension, and weaving my way among trunks, boxes and luggage, I located my pieces and tried to assemble them. The African customs men were kind and not particularly prying, so that my bags were cleared with no trouble.

I was met by Mr. Peter Coleman-Porter, acting headmaster of Adisadel College in Cape Coast, where I was to teach. He was a kind and gracious person possessed of a most acute sense of humor, who took me in tow, stowed my trunk and bags in the back of his station wagon and placed me in front with him. The first thing I did was to tear my felt hat from my sweating head, and then, glancing at Mr. Coleman-Porter's shorts and shirt, wished I had not felt the need to be properly attired in stockings.

As we drove eastward from Takoradi, I was captivated by the lushly green African bush country. One kind of dense greenery gave way to another. Groves of plantain and banana followed tall coconut and palm trees. Even taller cottonwoods displaced the shining leaves of cocoa plantations.

Every now and then we approached the coastline, and my eyes were dazzled by the colors seen in noontime brilliance--the turquoise ocean and its frothy white waves breaking over the many reddish brown rocks which line the treacherous coast. At intervals we came to small native villages composed of mud huts, some having thatched roofs, others corrugated tin. These villages, clustered along the road, were filled with people, the men usually wearing khaki shorts sitting around lazily talking to one another or playing checkers, and the

As I met various members of the teaching staff, I learned that approximately one-third were British and two-third native Africans. Some of the native African teachers had degrees from universities in Great Britain, but most had not been out of Ghana. Some had received degrees from their own university college in Accra, while others were teaching after having completed only the course prescribed by a secondary school, which is perhaps a little higher than our typical high school.

I had arrived near the end of a term, and the Christmas holiday was soon to begin. During this time I learned that the curriculum provided was that of a purely academic college preparatory type of school continuing through the first two years of college work. All the boys were required to take Mathematics, English and Religious Training. They might elect Greek, Latin or French. They had a choice of Physics, Chemistry and Biology. Courses in World and English History, as well as World Geography were given. There were four native dialects taught in the college--Ga, Fanti, Twi and Ewe.

My first vivid memory of school activities was the "Speech Day," the concluding assembly of the term, in November, 1953. It was held in Canterbury Hall, all 460 students attending, dressed in their native Kente cloths. These are hand woven, brilliantly colored cloths about six feet wide and eight feet long, which are worn draped over the left shoulder of a specially-made shirt. This shirt is made of silk and usually contains a small design, the colors of which blend with some of the colors of the Kente. When the boys wear these, they assume great dignity and walk with unusual grace, wearing sandals on their feet. It is difficult to cut a caper in a garment resembling a Roman toga.

Sitting on the platform with the other mistresses and masters, I was enthralled by the picture in front of me, the earnest faces of the boys, very dark brown, some ebony-like, all glistening from the heat and setting off to great advantage the brilliantly gay colors of the intricate designs in their native dress. Fascinated, yes, but all the while dripping perspiration

profusely under a borrowed Oxford gown which had a fur-rimmed hood. Oxford dons were never meant to attend convocations in the tropics!

The guest of honor was Kojo Botsio, then Minister of Education, who presented prizes and addressed the boys. Mr. Botsio had attended Adisadel, and so was fondly called an "Old Boy." He was the most handsome Negro I have seen. His bronze-tinted skin fairly shone against the vivid yellow of his superb Kente. The shirt visible on his right shoulder was of lovely eggshell silk with gold threads running through it. In the cabinet of the Gold Coast, formed in 1954, Mr. Botsio was made Minister of State and represented his government at the Bandung Conference in 1955. It was reported that he acquitted himself with distinction there.

For my part, I started the year January, 1954, being Form Mistress to 38 Africans, ranging in age from 16 to over 21. No one was supposed to remain in the school after the age of 21, but there are so few birth certificates available in Ghana that it was difficult to prove the age of some of the "boys." I taught Math to third, fourth and sixth form boys, corresponding to our 10th and 11th grades and the first year of college.

To an American public school teacher, their classroom behavior seemed exemplary. They rose when I entered the room; each one rose to recite; and they rose again as I left the room. No one spoke until he was given permission to speak, and each class started only after I had said, "Good morning, boys" and they had replied, "Good morning, Madam."

Having been away from actual classroom teaching for eleven years, I worked very hard in preparing my lessons and sometimes toiled over problems until the small hours of the morning, brushing the insects from my arms as I sat at my desk, under a light in a screened room. There was a friendly lizard that often crossed my desk as I worked.

Every bit of my work was more than rewarded by the eager reception I received from the boys. They were the most eager students I have ever seen, so there was no need for anything like motivation, nor was there ever

need for discipline during a class period. They listened attentively to every word, they worked assiduously, and they wrung one dry of every bit of knowledge one possessed. They were exceedingly grateful for all that one did for them, yet they were demanding, too, in wanting every single problem corrected. I spent many long hours, even Saturdays and Sundays, not marking, but rather correcting their exercise books.

The group of which I was especially fond (my own form) were so eager for knowledge that some of them even asked for a class in the afternoon after the regular day. This I held three afternoons a week for the whole time I was there. Attendance at the class was voluntary, yet I had a large group every afternoon I met with them.

I had believed always that a class should have at least one laugh during a period, so I tried some of what I considered humor, but the reaction was only blank stares. I know they had a sense of humor, but it was different from mine. The things I thought funny didn't amuse them in the least. During class they were really serious and they didn't want any teacher to waste one moment on nonessentials. They knew the requirements of the prescribed course so well that if something different was introduced, one would be certain to say, "Madam, this is not in the syllabus," so I always prefaced any material of that kind with, "I know this is not specifically indicated in the syllabus, but I think you should know this" and we got along fine.

There were of course incidents humorous to me, the results of my unfamiliarity with their ways, speech and rules. On one occasion, a boy came to me and said, "Madam, may I be excused to speet?" I excused him, only to learn later that spitting is forbidden on the compound. On another day, when the class and I were absorbed in a proposition in geometry, I was suddenly smacked severely on the bare leg by one of the students. With horrified amazement I looked up, wondering whether it was tradition, joking or misconduct, to meet the eyes of one of the nicest boys in the class. He said, "It was a tsetse fly on your leg, Madam." I was then much relieved and very grateful, for they are the flies

that carry the dreaded germ of encephalitis. I realized then that the boys were my friends and would do anything to protect me. They liked and respected me--not so much for myself, but because I was an American, and they were eager to know more about American education and our American way of life. They also respected me because I possessed academic degrees for which they have a most unusual reverence.

I was to leave immediately following the first term of the year 1955 in April and I shall never forget the final assembly when all 460 boys made the rafters of Canterbury assembly hall ring with their singing of "Oh God our help in ages past, Our Hope for years (sic) to come," in resonant, harmonizing voices with a British accent.

On that last evening, the boys invited me to the dining hall at the conclusion of their final dinner. Amissah, tall and straight, as Head Prefect met me on the campus and escorted me into the hall. No other members of staff were present, just 460 African boys and I.

Amissah made a pleasant speech and presented me with a book, African Glory, so that I would "remember Africa," a school pin so that I would "remember Adisadel College" and a necklace and earrings because as they said, "We recognize, Madam, that you are a woman."

As I thanked them, I told them that I believed they liked America; whereupon the building fairly vibrated with their yells and shouts of approval. They asked me to do the jitterbug and I was extremely sorry that I could not oblige, but I did resurrect the Charleston and told them that that was "the thing" in America when I had been their age.

The school day began in the morning at 7:30 with roll call, then chapel at 7:40, and classes began at 8:00. There was a coffee break from 9:20 until 10:00, when the boys actually had their breakfast. Then came three more classes, and the second break at 12:20--this 25 minutes--during which time we drank traditional English squash at the home of one of the teachers. After two more classes the day concluded at 2 o'clock,

and then the boys had their lunch. They were required to rest from 2:30 until 3:30. Most of them went to the athletic field at 4:00. They all took showers from 5:30 to 6:00, after which time they had their dinner. From 7:00 to 9:00 every evening except Friday and Saturday they had a study period in their various rooms. Although there was no supervision of this study period, except that provided by the students themselves, I marvelled each time I walked by, for there was not a single sound in any room. Imagine 38 American boys alone in a room dedicated to study!

The boys attended classes in a uniform of khaki shorts and shirts, and they were immaculately clean. They showered every morning at 5:30 and again, as I mentioned before, in the late afternoon. At the church service on Sunday morning they wore white suits with long trousers, and at evensong they wore their colorful Kente cloths. They were very lean, tall and handsome with excellent carriage, but their feet were outsize with calloused soles. As I sat in the rear of the chapel during church services, I was consistently aware of the sameness of each head--black and curly, closely cropped. There was only one redhead in the entire school. Their tightly curling hair was very useful to them, for they carried their pencils and pens in it.

Their meals consisted of food which was particularly abhorrent to me. Breakfast was usually made up of porridge or rice-water, bread, tea, jam and oranges. For lunch they often had fish, yams and pineapple. For dinner, some kind of meat in a stew, rice plaitain and garri (a paste made of shaved cassava root and water, affectionately called by the boys, cement). All the provisions had to be kept under lock and key, for the mammies who prepared it, and the steward boys who served it were reported to steal. It was even reported that the mammies would sometimes steal the food and sell it back to the boys if they could get away with it.

Outside the classroom the boys were sometimes mischievous, even fiendish. There was a beginning-of-term tradition called "homoing" which goes on for two weeks, when the older boys make life miserable for the

new students, called "homos." Some of the things they did were just good fun, like carrying books, sweeping steps and memorizing passages from books; but there were also some vicious practices, like beating the small boys, rolling them in the gravel, feeding them cascara and making them stand on their beds all night. Of course, if they were caught, they were punished, but they were difficult to catch unless the younger one was so badly bruised he had to have first aid treatment, as happened three times during my first term. The culprits were caned by the Headmaster for this cruelty, but I don't think they minded the three strokes of the cane.

The extra-curricular activities in which the boys engaged were very meager compared to our American standards, but they did enjoy particularly debating, and there were, at times, debates between members of Mfantsipim, the nearby Methodist College, and Adisadel.

One evening I shall never forget was the first time I was invited to attend their boxing matches. A ring was set up in the center of the compound. We sat out-of-doors under the glorious moon to watch, and those African boys could really box! They began with bouts between little fellows weighing only 80 pounds and ended with the older and heavier ones--men really, although they seemed socially much younger than they really were. The boys who were spectators sounded a weird chant to spur on the fighters. Almost 400 African boys surrounded the ring and continued to chant this weird, ululant call in order to excite the boxers to greater efforts.

Not long after the beginning of the year, it was decided to have a very gala occasion on one Saturday afternoon, when in true African fashion, the new Headmaster was made Omanhene, chief of the college. On the day of his stooling (that is crowning), he wore a native Kente cloth and was carried to his stool in a palanquin by some of the boys. He had the traditional followers of a chief, a linguist and an umbrella carrier. After the stooling ceremonies, the boys drummed and danced wildly in their native fashion. It was a startling spectacle to see Greek and Latin students losing their quiet reserve and trashing about wildly in native dances.

It was the habit of the boys on Friday evenings when they returned to their dormitories at 9:30 p.m. to sing hymns and prayers, which they rather grandiosely called "Compline." While I lived in the center of the compound near the dormitories, I enjoyed their singing for their voices were excellent. On the last night of the term immediately following Easter, the boys were unusually gay and light-hearted, and on that evening when they began their "Compline," it proved to be in unusual fashion. I stood on the balcony of my apartment, which gave me a good view of some of the dormitories. Through the large windows I could see the boys standing for their singing. They began to jazz their hymns, the tempo becoming faster and faster, until they were singing with such frenzy that they couldn't keep still any longer, and so began to dance. It was a highly entertaining sight to see them moving their arms and legs in rhythm to the syncopated pace they were giving their singing of "God Be With You 'til We Meet Again." Once again a bizarre mixture of the pagan and the Christian.

The Adisadel students came from all walks of African life. Some lived in mud huts, others in well-appointed, cultivated African homes, the latter the offspring of families who for several generations had been educated in Great Britain and had evolved a truly British pattern of living.

The tuition of most of the boys was paid for by their families, but some were there on government or mission scholarships.

Very, very few who continued their education beyond the sixth form, either in the University of Ghana, in Great Britain or in America, paid their own way. Most of them received government aid. This seemed to me the result of coddling by the British colonial service and resulted in an attitude on the part of the students that the government owed them an education. I found this lack of independent spirit on the part of the students very disturbing, especially in view of their eagerness to be an independent country.

Not a single student had any thought of seeking work during a holiday to earn the means of paying for

his own education. There was an obvious distaste on the part of students to do anything other than study. It was not "the thing." One would lose caste or status by so doing. It will take a social upheaval to change this attitude.

The goal of each boy's education was to pass the Cambridge School Certificate Examination, and this was the reason for all his hard work and determined study. Most of those who passed wanted to continue with higher studies. Their aims seemed entirely selfish to me. They wanted to be doctors, lawyers and engineers, not so much to serve their country and their fellow men, but to achieve the position and prestige it would bring them as individuals.

This was why I especially enjoyed being the sponsor for the Red Cross Club during the latter part of my stay. This was the only organization in the college which emphasized service to others. It was the only relief in education pursued for selfish ends.

The club consisted of about thirty boys from various forms, most of whom hoped to study medicine. We visited the neighboring native village of Adisada every Monday and Thursday afternoon during the term with medical supplies purchased by teachers. We carried our box containing first aid materials, cod liver oil, and disinfectants and administered to the natives of the village. They received us gratefully and swept clean a central spot near a large tree, bringing out a chair or box for me to sit on.

Down on the hard earth would go our pieces of oil cloth; then a bucket of water was brought from the single tap in the village. Using Dettol to disinfect the water, we would wash off the skin sores, treat them with Aquaflavin or gentian violet and bandage them with sterile cotton and gauze. We tried with only partial success to give cod liver oil to the babies, who ran around naked showing bellies protruding from malnutrition.

We were more successful in dressing the sores, for the healing results were more quickly apparent. We treated an average of twenty-five patients a visit.

Although these villagers could not speak English and I could not understand their vernacular, they were kind and gracious during our visits. The houses were all mud huts and the sheep, goats and chickens lived inside as well as out. There was everywhere a poverty-stricken squalor induced by primitive living. The cooking was done outside the huts over open fires and the fu-fu (an edible paste made from cassava, yam, or plantain) was pounded in open vessels. Any water that was to be thrown away was poured right on the ground outside the house; human excrement was evacuated right on the compound, although never once in my presence.

Although the clothes they wore were often very dirty, they washed themselves daily using soap and a bucket of water from the central tap. A child would bring the water in a bucket on his head. If he was the one to use it, he would soap himself, the white soap suds contrasting with his dark body, then dump the bucket over his head to rinse himself, shower fashion.

Although my specific experience in Africa was with the higher education of boys, there are some things to be said about the general educational pattern in Ghana. There is a Government Department of Education, which was directed in 1955 by an Englishman paid by the government of Ghana. Their greatest need was then, and still is, the one with which Americans are so familiar--more teachers.

While there has been a rapid growth in the building of elementary schools, there are still not enough. Both boys and girls attend these free elementary schools for a period of six years. Many stay longer, some as long as ten years, because in order to pursue one's education on a higher level it is necessary to pass a common exam given countrywide to all schools. Passing this permits one to enter a secondary school. Many who fail remain in the lower school attempting to pass.

Most secondary schools were sponsored by religious sects, Methodists, Anglicans, and Catholics, one of them, Mfantshipim, having been founded as long ago as 1876. They are for either boys or girls, many more for

boys than for girls; only one, Achimota, being coeducational, and Ghana's most famous secondary school. All of these secondary schools are now controlled by the Government, but there are not nearly enough.

There is a College of Arts and Technology at Kumasi in Ashanti province, which has grown impressively in the last eight years.

There is only one Ghana university, situated in Accra, housed in new buildings on a site selected in the early 1950's to enhance its unique status. Formerly it shared a campus with Achimota. Its prestige has grown, but in 1955 the boys still looked with greater respect upon degrees from foreign countries. Some were even more eager to attend the University of Nigeria. In 1955 nationalistic pride did not include their schools.

To an American observer the most memorable aspect of their education was the number of its incongruities. In an agricultural land its scholars perfected their knowledge of higher mathematics. Knowing nothing of hygiene and sanitation, young men aspire to pass Cambridge exams in the classics. The land was teeming with opportunities for service to their fellow human beings; the youth purposed to become doctors, engineers, lawyers, teachers for the social prestige such professions carry. Set in the intense reality of the Ghana environment, the unrealities of a superimposed British educational system disadvantaged their country. During the past six years, impressive changes have taken place but there is still great need for more education on the secondary and university levels.

I went to Africa for change. I experienced ways of living as disparate from everything I had known as it is possible to find in this century of the shrinking globe. There is no possibility of a comprehensive capture of the elusive superlatives that are Africa. For me, however, these are memorable:

- 1) --Tribal mores that dictate care of one's own. No African went hungry or unsheltered. His "tribal family" cared for his needs when he was in want. A faraway New England poet (Robert Frost, in "Death of the Hired Man,")

said it succinctly, "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, They have to take you in."

- 2) --The selfless dedication to their work by some individual Englishmen. Among others, I think particularly of a young girl instructor and the chaplain at Adisadel. Consumed with a burning charity they gave unstintingly of their talents. They were truly "doers of the word, not hearers only" and the boys revered them for it. Such beams of glowing light helped to dispel the dark of exploitation which was spreading still at such a ruthless rate. Business men of several nationalities, American among them, lived in Ghana with every energy directed toward extracting all possible wealth from lumbering, mining, and selling. This, I hope, has been corrected.
- 3) --An African's enjoyment of living. He may not have been able to read but he was ready with a friendly, gentle courtesy to sit with one to share the majestic beauty of a sunset. Time by the clock meant nothing to a non-westernized African. One hour of the twenty-four was as good as another for whatever was at hand. What a heaven for the better would be an injection of this philosophy into the whirling mass of our mechanized civilization!
- 4) --An unquenchable thirst for formal education and westernized ways. No twentieth century American without witnessing it can comprehend the poignancy of this yearning for knowledge. Few Africans comprehend the dangers in its imitativeness. Their education must become adapted for the development of their unique and untold material and spiritual resources.
- 5) --Last of all, the overwhelming entity that is Africa. Comparatively speaking Africa is still a great unrealized essence. If all its tremendous potential of geographical variety, myriad peoples, and wealth of raw materials could be instantaneously utilized, it would change immeasurably and irrevocably the entire world in all its aspects--social, economic, political, commercial, and moral.

EMERGING NATIONALISM IN GHANA

By His Excellency, Dr. William M. W. Halm,

Ambassador of Ghana to the United States

Editor's note: As a nationalist Dr. Halm has participated for more than twenty years in the struggle against colonialism. He spoke with eloquence and spirit but extemporaneously. The following summary does not convey the feeling with which it was delivered.

The empire of Ghana flourished in the Niger basin for more than a thousand years but was overthrown by the warriors of Islam in 1076. Many Ghanians fled southward and settled in ethnological groups in their present home. During their flight they lost much of their material civilization, but they retained the essentials of their culture.

The first modern Europeans with whom the Ghanians came in contact were the Portuguese who knew how to process iron and to fashion it into various utensils and tools. Later came the Dutch, Swedes, Danes, Prussians, and British. The first trade consisted of an exchange of gold and ivory for European spirits and textiles, but this legitimate trade soon gave way to "the nefarious slave trade which carried millions of Ghanians and Africans across the Atlantic to provide a labor force for the plantations in America and elsewhere." Thus Ghana was "plunged into the darkest period" of its history. Eventually the British secured control of the Gold Coast which is now Ghana. "It was in this climate that nationalism was born."

At first the British ruled the country by means of a governor and an executive and legislative council whose members were drawn from the British administrative staff. Then limited adult suffrage was introduced and certain municipalities elected representatives to the council.

The war years and the immediate postwar period saw rapid constitutional advance. In 1946 two Africans were admitted to the executive council. Nationalism was spread by the "ex-service men who for the first time left the isolated confines of their native land." When disturbances occurred in 1948, the British Labor Government appointed a committee of inquiry which recommended constitutional reforms. An all-African committee drew up a report which pointed the way for responsible government. In 1951 a country-wide election was held to elect an all-African parliament. The British governor, however, retained the veto over legislation and control of defense and foreign affairs.

At last on March 6, 1957, the British governor was withdrawn, and the crown colony of the Gold Coast became the sovereign state of Ghana. "This is what nationalism has achieved." "On the sixth of March, 1957, in the words of one of your founding fathers, Abraham Lincoln, the government of the people, by the people, and for the people was finally established." It was decided to adopt the name of Ghana as "a link with the past and an inspiration for the future." "We were all shot into a new era which has promised the dawn of a new hope."

"Ghana has been born with her mission. Our president, Mr. Nkrumah, made such a declaration and it was endorsed by all the people of Ghana and all people in Africa." He said, "The independence of Ghana is meaningless as nationalism unless it is linked with the total liberation of the continent of Africa."

A conference convened in Ghana and attended by all the African independent states decided to promote the trial for liberty all over the continent of Africa. A conference in Addis Ababa reaffirmed this resolution. At a conference in Conakry "it was agreed that Ghana and Guinea should form a union--which is still a dream--and that they should have a common economic and diplomatic policy." It was decided to coordinate their diplomatic activities and not to have common diplomatic representation as has been stated in the press.

At the very important Casablanca Conference, attended by the King of Morocco, the President of Ghana, and representatives of Libya, Guinea, Mali, and other

states, four committees were established. "The political committee comprising heads of states of all the African independent countries, all their duly accredited representatives, was to coordinate and unify the general policy of all of the African states." An economic committee comprising ministers of economic affairs of all the independent African states was to further economic cooperation. A cultural committee comprising all the ministers of education of the independent African states was to meet periodically with a view to preserve and develop the culture and civilization of Africa. The chiefs of staff of the independent African states formed the fourth committee which was to insure the common defense of the continent against aggression.

An appeal was made to those countries not represented at Casablanca to join the common effort for the consolidation of liberty in Africa. The spirit of nationalism has led to the dream of a union of the liberated states of Africa. The present confusion has delayed the realization of the dream, but it will not destroy it.

"Our foreign policy is positive neutrality, non-alignment within the power bloc either politically or militarily. We have decided to weigh each issue on its merits before making a decision. We seek to cultivate friendships among all nations of the world." "We believe that by blazing the trail and carrying the torch from colonial rule, from foreign domination, from indecency, from suffering, and from degradation, we contribute to the liberation of forces yet unfelt and thereby contribute to the sum total of human dignity, personality, and achievement."

Ghana calls upon the United States to accept the concept of African nationalism. This means a denunciation of colonialism. In Europe and in the United States the question being asked is: "Is Africa going to be a bridge uniting the nations of the world in peace and international cooperation or is it to become a battleground of the Cold War, or is it to be annexed by the East or by the West?" The answer is that "Africa is going to develop as a third force--possibly with Asia--politically capable of dealing with the East and with the West without losing its balance and capable of

exerting a stabilizing influence in the event of a clash between East and West."

Africa has the unique experience of rejoining the stream of human history after long isolation from it. The difficulties of Africa are great, her responsibilities and opportunities are also great. All Africa needs from the peoples of the world is sympathy and understanding. "Let us therefore endeavor to live together, to work together, and to pray together for peace and international cooperation."

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FORCES AND FACTORS CONTRIBUTING TO THE
SUCCESS OF NATIONAL SELF-DETERMINATION
AFTER WORLD WAR II: THE CASE OF KOREA

By The Honorable Dr. Pyo Wook Han
Former Minister, Embassy of Korea

History is slow business..., or so it seems at times. At other times it moves with astounding speed. So it has been with the growth of nationalism in our lifetime.

Many of us here remember World War I and the brave words of the great statesman idealist, Woodrow Wilson, who reluctantly led the United States to war under the twin slogans of "No national aggrandizement" and "the right of self-determination of peoples." To President Wilson war was a hateful repudiation of the values of civilization, and he could only bring himself to contemplate it as a paradox of self-destruction: a war to end war. Somehow, he felt, this ultimate evil must be converted into a good--a spawner of life, not of death. So he created a twin conception, a Janus-like vision that pictured on the one hand a great international league and on the other hand a revival of many small nations that had somehow been swallowed up in the 19th century surge of colonialism.

What happened to the dream of Woodrow Wilson indicated how slowly history sometimes moves. His League of Nations never really succeeded, and his high dream of emergent freedom for submerged nationalities was smothered in a miasma of opportunistic power politics. So 1918 and 1920 passed away, and during the next two decades the imperialism of Mussolini and Hitler and Japan made a brief mockery of the great drama he had conceived of justice and liberty.

Great ideas, however, do not so easily die... especially not when they are founded upon the yearnings and the needs of the great masses of the world's population.

World War II represented to the full the paradox of our age. The Soviet Union, which was born under a mask of idealistic world brotherhood that hid a harsh reality of dictatorial imperialism, was cast in the role of an ally to free peoples. Winston Churchill, speaking eloquently for the survival of liberalism, nevertheless proclaimed that he would never preside over the liquidation of the old colonial empires. Franklin Roosevelt, mobilizing the power of the new world to save Europe, phrased in the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter a new Wilsonian program that pointed squarely to what his mentor had forecast: an era of both internationalism and of nationalistic resurgence.

Once again, as after World War I, there happened much to suggest the destruction of this vision by opportunistic imperialism. In Eastern Europe a near dozen of nations lost their independent identity to the new colonialism of the Soviet Union. In the Far East, the imperialism of Japan was replaced by the new imperialism of Communist China.

Yet this time there was a difference. The forces of progress were too strong to be contained by the powerful reactionism of the old dictatorial pattern of conquest. Through sheer cynical disregard of the manifest wishes of mankind--and taking advantage of the war-weariness of democratic peoples--the Communists in Europe and Asia rushed forward to fill the power vacuums left by the defeat of the Nazis and the Japanese.

But even while their advance seemed irresistible, a new element arose to create yet another factor in the uneasy balance of world power. This was the unparalleled, unprecedented upsurge of new nations, created out of the undying memories and released hopefulness of many exploited peoples.

In 1945 fifty nations were enough to combine in the new United Nations to form a veritably world-wide organization. Today the number is ninety-nine--and it is easy to identify on the map of the world enough other nations, already born or actively gestating, to raise the number beyond one hundred.

What is happening and why? Some of the answers may not be known until the calm retrospect of another century provides perspective. Some of the forces and factors, however, are not difficult to identify.

For one thing, the paradox that constituted the heart of the vision of Woodrow Wilson has proved to have an unshakable verity. The emergence of national self-determination has been inescapably accompanied by the concurrent emergence of internationalism. Independence has proved to have interdependence as its twin. In a sense sovereignty is a term more sacred today and to more people than ever before; but it has little meaning in these days, even to the most rabid of patriots, without its essential accompaniment, collective security.

In my own country of Korea this truth has been demonstrated with an inescapable clarity. Without the fierce and indestructible spirit of self-determination of the Korean people, Communist imperialism could never have been halted at the spot to which it was brought by the decisions that ended World War II. Similarly, were it not for the realization that there is no security at all except collective security, no amount of courage or patriotic zeal could have saved our nation.

This, as I have said, has been dramatized in Korea--but it is also true in every other part of the world and it is true for every nation that exists in freedom, the most powerful as well as the weak.

I have described this as a paradox; and yet like all paradoxes that have inherent reality, the apparent contradictions evaporate when closely examined. Democracy has proved that free people unite in the strongest bonds. Partnerships work because each partner is equal and, assured of equality, is willing to labor not alone for himself but for his fellows. Thus it is that nationalism and internationalism, not accidentally, but essentially, proceed in unison.

This the 19th century did not understand. Colonial exploitation was the only pattern that made sense in terms of the historical experience of Western Europe.

In our part of the world--over the vast areas of Asia--this concept did not emerge--at least not until Japan imported into Asia its own adaptation of what it considered to be Occidental efficiency.

Another new idea has also emerged in recent years that has had a great deal to do with the advent of the new nationalism. This is the great enlightening realization that people are people, regardless of their seeming racial and religious and linguistic and even cultural differences. Of course this great vision is not yet fully shared by everyone. So many barriers based upon race still exist that it would be disheartening to try to enumerate them. But it is easy to foresee that the end of this racist provincialism is already in view.

Anthropologists, historians, philosophers, and philanthropists alike are engaged in a common task. Research has demonstrated that great--truly great, massively creative--civilizations have existed in many, if not yet all, parts of the world. Human ability is not limited by nationality or by climate.

Similarly, medical doctors, economists, and sociologists have discovered through their own researches that disease, poverty, and all manner of social pathologies have common causes, wherever they appear. Hunger, high mortality rates, illiteracy, corruption in politics, economic exploitation, and apathy all are found to have ascertainable causes--causes that operate without regard to region or race, and causes that yield everywhere to very much the same type of remedies.

This great discovery of the commonality of human nature has done much to elevate the morale of the developing nations and to eliminate the prejudices of the technologically more advanced parts of the world. Hence it has become possible--more so than in any previous time--for representatives of widely divergent peoples to meet in a spirit of mutual respect and regard to discuss problems which they now understand are truly mutual.

Thus far I have confined myself to general principles, trying to identify forces and factors that I think apply all around the world--in Africa and the Middle East, in Europe and South America, as well as in the Far East. Now, for a few minutes, I would like to examine this same question more closely in relation to what has happened in Korea.

Most of you are fairly well acquainted with the history of the Korean peninsula. You realize that geographically this peninsula is an unbreakable entity. For a few centuries our political control extended northward, across the Yalu River, well into Manchuria. Through parts of our history our own peninsula was divided into rival kingdoms. Nevertheless, the great historical fact regarding Korea has been its most unusual degree of homogeneity--with the same language, the same customs, the same traditions and loyalties, uniting in an unbreakable bond the people who dwell in the 85,000 square miles from the Straits of Korea in the south to the Everwhite Mountain in the north.

For thousands of years--which is a long time as history is measured--our Korean people lived together with internal harmony. During that time we had to beat back various aggressions from outside, but this only strengthened the domestic unity of our nation. Until 1882 we dealt with the outside world largely by ignoring it, being known as the Hermit Kingdom. It is perhaps singularly unfortunate that our treaty relations with the West began at just that period--for this was a time of rather frenzied penetration by the West, and also by Japan, into the continent of Asia. With our location, which has been called the "strategic heart of north Asia," it was impossible for us to avoid the involvement which reached its climax in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905.

Now, the Japanese were neither naive nor careless in their colonizing venture in Korea. They prepared the way for it by a technique of subversion that was not inferior to that utilized by the Communists today, and after they had swallowed the ancient kingdom of Korea, they sought to make their possession permanent by a wide variety of methods.

Through establishment of the Oriental Development Company they introduced patterns of economic control that eventually gave them ownership of more than 60% of our farmlands and some 80% of all our incorporated properties. They attempted to deny advanced education to the Koreans and thus hoped to confine our people to unskilled work and low-paying jobs. Gradually they tried to force amongst us their Shinto religion--though this was never adopted by any of our people--and even sought to wipe out and forbid the use of our language. They removed all arms from amongst us, set spies and huge numbers of police in our midst, and forbade the holding of any public meetings. Concurrently, they sought with small success to seduce some of our leading figures to their cause by offering them titles of nobility and other empty honors.

However, these methods did not work. Why they did not work is a saga of human fortitude. I should like to think that it is a peculiarly Korean story of heroism and patriotism; but perhaps happily for the human race, this is not so. Much the same spirit of resistance has also been manifested by the Finns, and the Poles, and the Czechoslovakians, and the Greeks, and, in fact, by many other peoples in many parts of the world.

What, then, are we to believe? It does seem that a nation has a distinct personality of its own, much as an individual has. Once that personality has been truly shaped, it is very difficult to efface it. I believe psychologists are pretty well agreed that an individual personality is rather definitely shaped by the age of five or six years. Thereafter many attributes of a person change but not his basic loyalties or attitudes. So it must be with nations. Once a stamp of individuality is developed by a people, no tyrant can be powerful enough to destroy it. This is why self-determination proved to be the destiny of the Korean people--and why it is resurgent in so many parts of the world.

You have noted, of course, that I have spoken of Korea, not of north and south Korea. I have done this deliberately, for nothing has happened in the past six-

teen years that has really divided our people. A foreign tyranny has been imposed upon the north. As many of our northern populace as could possibly do so--- between one-third and a half of the entire northern population--left everything they owned, all the cherished surroundings of their own homes, and fled south across the 38th parallel to the area where they could live under their own free government.

The ones who did not so flee have not become our enemies. They remain our brethren, our kinsmen, our fellow Korean nationals. We surely shall continue to do all in our power to free them, just as they will always do all they can to free themselves. Our war was a war of Communist aggression, not a civil war-- and when the bonds of this new tyranny, this new colonialism are broken (as inevitably they will be) our whole people will be reunited once again.

This much must be said to emphasize the unconquerable spirit of self-determination. As it flourishes in Korea, so does it in Tibet, and in Hungary, and in all other true nations, no matter how tragically they may presently be submerged. But this is not the whole of the story.

It would be comforting for us to believe, if we could, that all our global problems are going to be solved simply by the unquenchable love of freedom that exists in the hearts of the submerged peoples. I think there is a slang phrase that used to be popular, at least, during my college days here in America--"You can't keep a good man down." It would be pleasant for us if we should be able to just sit back and wait for the satellite peoples to rise up and destroy the Communist tyranny, thus at one blow solving all our Cold War problems. But of course no such simple solution can possibly emerge.

The spirit of self-determination is real, it is genuine, it is powerful, and in many respects its operations are very evident in our day. But it has no miraculous power to solve the great problem of an organized communist conspiracy of world conquest.

If you will permit a homely illustration, I might remind you now of the injunction of many an earnest preacher: "Pray as if God would solve all your problems, but work as if you had to solve them all yourselves." Self-determination is a powerful force at work in the world--and if we who live in freedom will but take the risks and exercise the necessary leadership, it can be unleashed, guided, and assisted to help accomplish the eventual destruction of the organized totalitarian imperialism.

Let me now return to the paradox and the hope of which I have spoken earlier. The spirit of self-determination is urgently at work in the world. Independence is the goal to which peoples everywhere are dedicating themselves to the utmost of their power. But happily, it is being expressed in a spirit of wise interdependence. What has happened in Korea is, I believe, the key to our new age.

No people has shown more clearly the determined urge to self-determination than have the Korean patriots. Nevertheless, no nation has cooperated more fully or more intimately than has the Republic of Korea with the United Nations. We know the truth of what Benjamin Franklin said in 1776, that unless we all hang together we must all hang separately. No nation is able to stand alone against the power of the communist empire.

What is emerging, I believe is a new concept of international cooperation--the cooperation of equals. With respect for the special needs and aspirations of localized self-determination, there is and must be also a recognition of the equal need for commonality of purpose and efforts.

No people is willing to be dependent--but perhaps we all are both willing and determined to be mutually interdependent, in a spirit of true mutuality of regard. This, at least, seems to me to be dimly foreshadowed in the events of our time. And perhaps it is the best hope we can have for the time yet to come.

EMERGING NATIONALISM IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Dr. Harry M. Tinkcom

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When one begins to think about the revolutionary age in America he is puzzled and astonished by the speed and magnitude of the accomplishments of the founding fathers. At first blush it would seem that the creation of the national union was almost a miracle done by men who were demagogues at least. Certainly a rapid glance at the annals of the age seems to support this. In 1773 there were thirteen bickering, jealous, particularistic colonies stretched from New Hampshire to Georgia. They were so diverse and self-centered that many British thought there was no need to fear unified action on their part at that time or ever. Divide and rule was the policy adopted by the British government and to look at these colonies it would seem that it was the only rule to adopt.

Not only were these colonies thirteen in number; they were also three fairly distinct geographic areas: New England, Middle Atlantic, and Southern. Whether they realized that they were distinct economically, politically, socially, and geographically, I do not know, but the distinction was there. Further disunity resulted from the sectional antagonisms within the colonies. For the colonies these were real; they had been in existence for a long time. In Pennsylvania the controversy between East and West was so violent that, when the Revolution came, a westerner would have been much happier to pick up a musket and shoot a Quaker or eastern Pennsylvanian than to shoot a Britisher. In the 1760's they marched fully armed on Philadelphia to demand their rights. Only Benjamin Franklin, the peace-maker, stopped them. The mixed national groups, if I may call them that, contributed still further to disunity. There were Germans, English, Scots, Irish, and Huguenots. On top of all was the bad transportation.

In just thirteen years after 1774, that is in much less time than it takes to pay off a mortgage, the constitution for a permanent union had been created. In another two years that union had been so well established that it endures to this day as one of the strongest in the world. The events during that thirteen year period would not seem to promise unity of a permanent nature. Although the United States was created in 1776, the Articles of Confederation were not adopted until 1781. The government under these Articles was ineffective and not respected. As late as 1786 only five states sent twelve delegates to the Annapolis Convention to consider interstate problems. Then amazingly enough in the next year the Constitution was drafted.

What change had occurred in American opinion which enabled the famous signers of the Constitution to create a truly national body of organic law and to have it ratified by the sovereign states? In the years before 1774 will be found the clue to the nationalism which emerged from the American Revolution. The Constitution was not only a blueprint for the future but it was also the culmination of American experience. It was American experience, not an exotic plant which miraculously sprang up overnight. It was American experience of toil, compromise, blood, tears, and sweat, with emphasis upon the last. The seeds of nationalism had been planted long before the Americans took up arms in 1775. The Revolution merely forced its growth. If the events leading to the flowering of nationalism are examined carefully, it will be seen that the four-year period between the end of the war in 1783 and the appearance of the Constitution was not so surprisingly short after all.

First, we must define nationalism and analyze those characteristics of early Americans which tended to promote the development of a type of nationalism peculiar to this country. Nationalism is a feeling--a good feeling--one has for his country. This is almost always accompanied by a sense of pride and even of superiority regardless of the size of the country. A feeling of national pride stems from association, comparison, accomplishment, and self-identification. In the United States these have been coupled with superlatives such as tallest,

biggest, longest, deepest, proudest, richest, and newest.

When the early immigrants came here and gradually pushed their way west, their astonishment at the scenes which met their eyes was almost immediately linked with prideful self-identification. Paraphrased in modern "Americanese" their letters to England went like this:

I know about the Thames, but you ought to see the Delaware River. It makes the Thames look like a ditch. Mountains--what you got back there at home are dwarfs. You can lose all the mountains in England in the Alleghenies and no one would ever see them again. They are so high here that when we hunt for the cows in the evening we merely look up the chimney. You think the highwaymen are bad in England. You don't know what bad men are. Come out here and take a good look at the Indians.

Wild animals were fiercer, snakes more poisonous, and mosquitoes bigger. In his unwashed, tanned buckskins, the immigrant even smelled different.

Moreover, he had a sense of accomplishment. In the old country he was modest and respectful of all the people around him; now he didn't recognize his betters. He was no longer an Englishman; he was something else. It is true that the American was not celebrated for his modesty or his diffidence. He never hid his light under a bushel. Why should he have done so in the eighteenth century? His experiences and accomplishments were so unusual that modesty would have been almost unbecoming. He had pulled up his roots in England, had crossed three thousand miles of turbulent ocean, and now stood figuratively speaking upon a Peak in Darien.

He had exchanged the narrow confines of his village with its carefully defined social strata and its restricted economic opportunities for a land of almost limitless vistas where a newly developed social pattern gave him opportunities to rise to heights which in the old world he would have found completely unscalable. For narrow boundaries and the predictable sounds of his old village he had substituted broad horizons and

awesome forest silence. There was a brooding mystery about it all, compounding distances, strange flora and fauna, and danger. Always there was danger. In fact, life was so dangerous that he made jokes about it, jokes about wolves, Indians, and copperheads. He could do this because he was winning the battle. He was meeting with fortitude and strong hands the ever present challenge of America.

What he wanted he had to work for and how he worked! There were no siestas, no two-hour luncheons, no national holidays every other weekend. In time he would build largely; he would make lots of money. Later on he would be hurt and puzzled when Europeans who liked siestas and many holidays would call him Uncle Shylock. In short, what Americans have, they worked for.

Long before the American Revolution the colonist had been a new man in a new world. He had become something unique--an American. He had transported his English constitutions, law, educational ideas, social ideas, and economic ideas to the new world, but from the moment he arrived with them they began to change. Some changes came in a subtle way, others in an almost revolutionary way. A very unusual and rapid change of English institutions can be seen in the development of representative government in Massachusetts in the space of about ten years.

When did the new man come? There are many opinions. I am inclined to say in the 1660's or 1670's. I suppose that from the moment a man decided to come to the new world he was different. After he suffered the sea voyage he was even more different. Four months on the Atlantic in those old leaking tubs would change almost anybody. The fact that he was coming to the new world, however, made him different before he started on the voyage. By 1775 the colonist had reached the point where he could say with Patrick Henry, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." Some historians claim that loyalties were local, and that in the opening days of the war and for years after many regarded themselves as Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, Rhode

Islanders, etc.

A certain gentleman came to Philadelphia in 1774 to attend the Continental Congress. There he compared the people with his own people back home. He wrote that the morals of the people back home were better, their manners more polite and agreeable; that they were pure English; that their language was better; that their taste was better and their persons handsomer; that their spirit was greater, their laws wiser, and their religion and education superior. That gentleman was John Adams, and his letters were to his wife. It is regrettable that Adams would write this while visiting Philadelphia which, according to Philadelphians, was superior to the noisy, nosy, belligerent, radical Bostonians.

If there ever was a nationalistic state, the state of John Adams was. He had a good feeling for his "country" which was Massachusetts. He was an American in Massachusetts. He was a new man in Massachusetts. In each of the other colonies the same feeling existed. At the Continental Congress the delegates from the colonies soon realized that they all had a great deal in common. In spite of nationalistic feelings of a local nature, they found that they had a common enemy. This enemy, the English Parliament, had violated their experiences, experiences which they had had more or less in common. They had grown up together.

Although each colonist had a strong sense of pride for his local area, he found that common experience in the Continental Congress, in the American Revolution, and in grievances against the British tended to weld all together. When people become accustomed to doing things in a certain way, when they accept the way of life as the best for them, they have identified their interests as being more or less unified and complimentary. Any attempt by an outside superior authority to change conditions is resented and often resisted.

British colonial policy had led to separatism and restlessness. The Crown had encouraged the establishment of assemblies because it wanted the colonists

to tax themselves. The very existence of these assemblies raised questions concerning power, questions as to the obligations of assemblymen in relation to the Crown prerogative. The Crown maintained that it granted the privilege of establishing the assembly. It did not recognize an inherent right of the colonists to have representative government, and it held that the assemblies could be discontinued at any time. On the other hand the colonists held that they had established assemblies as a matter of right and not by grant of royal favor or grace. Throughout the colonies the king and assemblies fought continuously over this question of power. Although the colonists argued that they were merely asking for rights won by Englishmen during the Civil War of 1642-49, they were really fighting for the rights of Americans based on the experience of the past.

They fought the king so successfully that by 1763 they had won the battle. When the king was no longer effective, the Parliament took over. The new enemy was much stronger. It took the colonists about two years to realize that the old order had changed, but as soon as they realized it the fighting and quarreling resumed and was carried on throughout the 1760's and 1770's. The colonists had developed in a certain way as Americans, and England did not understand it.

In this so-called period of Salutary Neglect, the colonials had been loosely ruled. The Navigation Acts had not been enforced. When enforcement began in 1773, another step was taken toward revolution. The sources of capitalism had never been very strong in America. The colonists lacked both capital and labor, and they were limited somewhat by the Navigation Acts. However, they did have sufficient capital to gain a view of the future. I believe that Louis Hacker's interpretation of the American Revolution as a capitalistic revolt must be taken seriously. I am convinced that the colonials and the American people would never have permitted a government to deny free exploitation of natural resources and economic opportunities. The interference by the British government had been fairly slight and fairly mild, but when restrictions were tightened the colonists resisted. They were merely

fighting a game, but by 1775 they were already dreaming the nineteenth century dream of becoming the greatest economic power on earth. The rigid enforcement of the Navigation Acts was a serious blow. It was particularly serious for those who lived on illegal trade.

The frontier environment also contributed to the making of the new man--the American by lessening sympathy with England. For a long time the colonies faced the Atlantic and England. Later as the frontier was pushed far to the west the colonists looked away from the world of London and the neat English villages. By 1774 this new man, a composite of many different factors in his economic, political and social makeup, had reached the point at which he was not able to talk to an Englishman.

This we may call the conflicting ideologies which lie back of the American Revolution. Both Englishman and colonial spoke the English language, but actually they did not understand each other. The laws governing the right to vote in England were very complex and conflicting; those in the colonies stated the voting qualifications clearly and very carefully. Thus when they talked about taxation without representation they were talking about different things.

The same difficulty arose with respect to natural rights. John Locke had justified the Glorious Revolution by explaining that the people of England had the right to overthrow the king. Why? Because in the original state of nature the people selected the king, they could replace him. By replacing the king their representative body had become superior to the king. Americans, using this same logic, claimed that only the people could tax Americans. Parliament was not representative of Americans and so could not tax the colonies. The English, on the other hand declared that the colonists were represented in Parliament because every Englishman was represented whether he voted or did not vote. To the colonials this made no sense.

They differed in still another respect--the question of constitutions. Today in this country we have a constitution, the states have constitutions, and the

cities have charters. All are written. To the Englishmen this did not make sense. Their constitution is Parliament, tradition, Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, and custom. They haven't seen fit to write it down as yet. The colonials demanded to have their rights written down in black and white.

On the eve of the American Revolution a vocal, aggressive group of Americans had already departed in many respects from English control; they were nationalists. Not all felt thus. The Tory Imperialists supported England, and others did not care particularly. The Americans were freer then than probably any people on earth, but just as they were ready to enjoy their freedom Parliament passed a series of acts which demonstrated how huge was the gap which had developed between England and the new man. The restrictions and controls affected all colonists whether they lived in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. When they reacted it was not as Massachusetts people particularly or as Pennsylvanians but as a group which suffered in common.

In 1763 the Parliament took action which made it clear that from this point it was to be empire for the sake of empire, not for the sake of mercantilism particularly. The Proclamation Line of 1763 prevented colonials from going west of a line down the Alleghenies. This hit Americans in their pocketbooks. George Washington, Franklin and many others who were interested in land speculation felt that this was an imposition upon them. They argued that the line was drawn to give Englishmen an opportunity to invest before the colonials.

In just about the same way the colonials everywhere reacted to the Stamp Act. It affected everybody, and every man who attended the assembly or who voted for a delegate to the assembly knew his rights with regard to taxation. John Locke had told them.

The Mutiny Act of 1765 which required the colonies to support troops in America was resented in the same way. The Suspending Act of 1767 which suspended the New York legislature for refusing to obey the Mutiny Act was considered by every colonial assembly except that of Pennsylvania to be a direct attack on the lib-

erties of Americans. After the Tea Act of 1773 the tea ships were received with hostility in all the major ports in America. Bostonians, as usual, went to extreme, and the Boston Tea Party was held.

Then came the Boston Port Bill. All the colonies were shaken by an act which was intended to starve Boston into submission. They said that if this can be done to Boston, it can be done to us. If they can suspend the government in Massachusetts, they can suspend it here. The day the Boston Port Bill went into effect, June 1, was marked by demonstrations throughout the colonies. Paul Revere, the Centaur of the American Revolution, had ridden to New York and Philadelphia. Already this nationalist was on his way. The call went out to the Continental Congress. The Bostonians asked the support of all, and from New Hampshire to Georgia the support was given.

This feeling which the colonists had for their country--what was it but nationalism--led them to join hands in the first step toward revolution. The striking thing is that all, not just one colony, fought against Britain. How easy it would have been for the others to have shrugged their shoulders and to have said, "Well, the Bostonians have always been getting into trouble; let them stew in their own juice." Instead of this the troubles of Boston were the troubles of all. They were Americans reacting to a threat common to all. The Revolution merely strengthened the forces which were present before it began.

A man behaves as his character impels. The American character was developed by 1774 when Franklin said: "We must hang together or we shall hang separately." That was literally true. About one-third of Americans were active revolutionists. These promoted nationalistic endeavors. When the colonies declared their independence on July 4, 1776, Pennsylvania did not declare its independence or Massachusetts or Delaware. The United States declared the independence of the sovereign states. On that day the United States was created. The United States fought during the Revolution.

The Revolution also created heroes. One can think of very few heroes before the Revolution.

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Speaker: His Excellency, Dr. William M. W. Halm,
Ambassador of Ghana to the United States

"Merging Nationalism in Ghana"

May 13, 1961 -- General Session

Chairman: William H. Jenkins, Supervising Director,
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Speaker: The Honorable Pyo Wook Han,
Former Minister, Embassy of Korea

"Forces and Factors Contributing to the
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After World War II: The Case of Korea"

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Speaker: Miss Catherine E. Crook, Principal,
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MIDDLE STATES COUNCIL FOR THE SOCIAL STUDIES

TREASURER'S REPORT, WASHINGTON, D.C., MAY 1, 1961

From May 1, 1960 to May 1, 1961

BANK BALANCE: May 1, 1960.....\$ 503.77

RECEIPTS

Membership dues (renewals).....	\$ 582.00
Membership dues (new members).....	168.00
Membership dues (contributing).....	105.00
Membership dues (students).....	2.25
Library Memberships.....	69.00
Sale of Resource Bulletins & Proceedings	33.93
National Council Dues.....	12.50
Spring Meeting (New York).....	678.20
Fall Meeting (Valley Forge).....	103.25
Refund.....	1.00
Receipts May 1, 1960 to May 1, 1961.....	<u>\$1755.13</u>
Total of bank balance and receipts.....	\$2258.90

EXPENDITURES

National Council Dues.....	12.50
Stationery and Printing.....	442.22
Postage.....	98.44
Treasurer's Bond.....	5.00
Spring Meeting Expenses (New York).....	646.64
Fall Meeting Expenses (Valley Forge)...	157.36
Typing of Proceedings.....	40.00
Service Charges.....	20.86
Expenditures May 1, 1960 to May 1, 1961.....	<u>\$1423.02</u>
Balance in Bank, May 1, 1961.....	\$ 836.88

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Delaware.....	17
District of Columbia.....	74
Maryland.....	61
New Jersey.....	116
New York.....	97
Pennsylvania.....	59
Other States.....	11
Total.....	435

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